

# the innis herald

innis college - university of toronto

established 1969

april 2001

**. . and the  
winner is . . .**

**Film  
critics  
awards  
are  
here**

# the editorial

## innis herald

Moumita Saha  
*Editor-in-Chief*

Sometimes the message is everything!

If anything has dawned on me more obviously this year because of my involvement with the Herald, it's this: I love media! How much I rely on books, magazines, newspapers, music videos, tv sitcoms, movies, art, music, and photography is beyond measure. I can't live without all of those media. Rock stars and celebrities with their dramatic lives and deaths can evoke as much emotion out of me as that of actual people I know. Some things don't appear true to me unless I see it in published print. My conversation is condensed with pop culture allusions that serve to either alienate many or form connections with few. Many of my beliefs and life lessons have been experienced second hand by something seen and learnt in movies. Fictional characters seem to be real people to draw quotes from and seriously care about. And you have no idea how much restraint it took not to use Silent Bob's break-through character to express the dichotomy of a silent exterior and full inner expression in that respective article.

But I'm very much not alone on this. We've seem to have spawned a generation or two of media sluts. People who can't seem to get by without a regular dosage of media input. I suppose it's one of the expected symptoms of the "information-laden world" we're supposed to be living in. However, instead of looking at this as a sign of deterioration caused by futuristic consequences, I simply love it. Pop culture in its essence may come off as cheaper, faker, and irrelevant but it necessarily isn't. It's still culture. And that gives it an integrity as it defines us and is very much dear to us.

However, praising the media machine's success in infiltrating our lives, I must also concede that there aren't problems with all this. For examples, I constantly find my allusions being lost on people. (What do you mean you don't remember the video for that Ministry song?..What?! You don't remember that Gianni Versace declared Naomi Campbell to be the ideal model?..You know, doesn't this situation remind you of what happened in Wally Lamb's latest?..Doesn't that kid look like the one in that old Pamper's ad? - all followed by blank stares) It's almost as if I'm cursed to live through bouts of irrelevance (floating somewhere in the far reaches of obscurity). Especially since there's so much material out there to dig into, it's no surprise that different people have their own things they get into and sometimes this makes for difficult conversations when you try to relate material foreign to the other person.

Yeah..I don't where I was going with that preamble either. I suppose I wanted to promote the film section's excellent award pages that is fitting for the post-Oscar buzz. Enjoy this section. It'll be our last for this year. Genuine apologies to those we disappointed and much gratitude to all those who helped us out. Hope you all find yourself where you're supposed to be and see you in the next one! Bye!

Saena Cha  
*Editor-in-Chief*

March? No wait, April? Already? I know the hell I've been through these past weeks with midterms, essays, assignments...so this editorial is just another thing I'm desperately trying to pull out of nowhere. The human brain can only take so much! Regardless, I know this issue will be yet another long awaited-but well worth the wait-publication. I have welcoming news: as the year ends, preparations for the next begin. With oncoming elections and the newly chosed Innis Resident Assistants, there will also have to be a new Innis Herald Editor and another turn-over for staff. So keep your eyes open for the upcoming ICSS nominations and subsequent elections.

Lastly, I'd like all of you to take the time to walk down Harbord. Behind Robarts, diagonal from Ramsey Wright, across from the Athletic Center is a little restaurant on the corner, we all like to call The Room. Posted in the windows of this restaurant is a bit of new that may be of interest to University of Toronto students. It seems our university is admist some controversy again. However, this is one of ethics and morals. Before you walk down there to see what I'm talking about, here is the question I pose to you: Are all things legal, right?

Good luck on upcoming exams and take some time out now to recuperate. And hope it stop snowing-it's almost April.

April 2001

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(Get better, Jaime!)

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This is this school year's final issue of the Innis Herald. Much thanks goes out to all contributors!

All is in peace, now that the year is almost over...

Photograph by Will Sabado





# Book Review

Sonia Vanderby

Have you ever read a book, or even just bought one, that you have never heard of, but then you start to see it everywhere and you wonder how you missed it before? That happened to me. After finishing *The Moonstone*, I asked my roommates if they had any books that they recommend I read. One of my roommates immediately ran off to her room and came back with *No Logo*. I'd never heard of it, but now it's literally everywhere, and rightly so, in my opinion.

## The Moonstone

By Wilkie Collins

WILKIE COLLINS

THE  
MOONSTONE

This book, first published in 1868, seems to be completely unknown to everyone, except Wordsworth Classics. For some reason they published it, and I'm glad they did. You definitely don't need to know a lot about 19<sup>th</sup> century literature to enjoy this book. It has all the perfect elements of a detective novel, only with interesting twists as well. First, there is the Moonstone, a large diamond from India with a 'curse' attached. It is given to a girl, Rachel, on her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, and is promptly stolen that night. Everyone is the house at is suspect, from Rachel, who won't talk to the detective, to the hunchbacked servant girl with a history of theft, to the mysterious Indian jugglers who have been haunting the house and grounds, to the relative who brought the Moonstone to give to Rachel, according to her uncle's will.

This book is anything but predictable, I never guessed who it was until it was discovered, many years after the actual event.

This book is 'written' by several different characters of the story, each one has their own writing style and something new to contribute to the story. This makes even the narrative

interesting to read, as each 'writer' provides a different perspective and opinions. I definitely recommend this novel, my only suggestion is: do not read the Introduction until you're finished reading it, unless, of course, you like knowing whodunit.

## No Logo

By Naomi Klein

*No Logo* is an excellent book, Naomi Klein managed to make a book about everything from part-time jobs, the invasiveness of brand names in society, to sweatshops, into an interesting read. The first thing that I liked about the book: the author lives on Spadina. Somehow this knowledge made the book's contents seem more relevant.

Anyway, on to the book.



In order to get through all the topics she wants to discuss, the author split the book into four parts. *No Space* explores the manner in which brands and advertising have virtually taken over our lives. The ads are everywhere, outdoor basketball courts, at concerts, and in our schools and universities, as I'm sure we've all noticed. *No Choice* discusses the corporate level of brands and their companies, mergers and other such 'background' topics. *No Jobs* covers topics like 'McJobs', and how our culture is geared towards part-time jobs that are inadequate for adults in today's world. This section also looks at sweatshops in detail. I was shocked by the descriptions of the conditions of the sweatshops, as well as by what companies are using them to produce their goods. I also began to think there was no way to fight back against the corporations. Then I read the last section: *No Logo*. Here, the author shows what people are doing all around the world in an effort to get the large corporations to listen to the people. Everything from Reclaim the Streets events, to anticorporate activism, to the McLibel suite are described here, showing how regular people, usually students, are getting their voices heard and inciting change.

If you hate having ads everywhere on campus, or hate paying \$100+ for shoes that some body was paid less than \$1 to make, or if you've never really thought about it before, read this book.



by  
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When I meet new people, one of the first comments I usually get is: "Oh, your English is really good." No it isn't, and, no, it never will be. Speaking a language is not really about an ability to express your most basic needs and desires; it's about understanding what is being said; it's about the ability to follow the mood of the conversation and its nuances. I think that human capacity is limited to being completely at home with just one language, the native one. Second language is all about knowing what is being said, and being pretty sure why. It's about watching a movie and following the plot, but always missing a few jokes. (Besides, they are more amusing than purely funny anyway.) It's about having to repeat myself if I am tired, or drunk, or excited, because the concentration is slipping, and

the accent is suddenly in the way. Not an ordinary, daily accent, the kind I'm used to having, but a sticky, heavy, blurry accent which is just there, which ruins everything I've tried to say, and stops me from saying the things I wanted to say. Some things are just not worth repeating.

It's about going to a bar or a club with a bunch of friends, and willingly choosing to be more of an observer than a participant. It's not sad; it's actually quite fascinating to watch people. The only time it sucks is when I want to contribute, but weighing participation and the risk of being heard the wrong way, usually settles my argument. Friends tease me, they think it's cute, when they hear something that remotely sounds like giving a blow job to a chair or something like that;

all the while I've never said anything about chairs or blow jobs, and least of all about them together.

The bright side is that apparently accents are hot. It's easy for me to stand out, all I have to do is open my mouth, and who-hoo, I'm noticed and often hit on. Everybody loves foreigners. They are strange. They are exotic. They are allowed to walk around on their heads, and do a bunch of the off-the-wall stuff without excuses. Their background is their visa, their accent is their lottery ticket. Perhaps you should try get one.

- Little Falcon

**..and while we're on the topic of communication or lack thereof..**

## !SiLeNt aLL tHeSe YeArS!

### No Need To Apologize For Reticence- Just Enjoy The Silence

As cliché as it is to start off with song titles, all means seem to be justified when it comes to coming to the defense of quiet people. And quiet folks are everywhere- you DO know them! You may not pay as much attention to them as their louder and more populous counterparts but they do make up a solid and integral population. Defined by their careful and minimal use of verbal expression, these strong, silent types have also unfortunately managed to accumulate an undeserving lack of appreciation and affirmation. It's precisely this deficiency of support for these restrained, serene persons that I'm attempting to get righted right now!

There is so much pressure to be outspoken, articulate, bold, aggressive, and outwardly expressive. We're taught that these are the best characteristics that will help you get ahead in business and your personal endeavors. Perhaps this may be true to a certain extent but COME ON! How annoying would this world be if it were entirely filled to the rim with people with those exact same mannerisms? Sure, being noticed may make some opportunities come your way but good things definitely happen to those who don't fit that mold as well. We've got an entire earth here and there's enough room for all kinds of people. There is no need to create and foster a specific social, behavioural ideal for the whole of humankind to aim for. If anything, having your own unique approach and not dampening your style to fit some predetermined, groundless yet "perfect" role will give you an edge. Besides, you gotta be you. Anything else would just feel wrong.

Everyone loves a talker! There is something to be said for those who are gifted in the art of conversation and everyday storytelling. However, how about giving some recognition for the unglamorous role of those who listen? It may not always be the most fun job but it is critical to communication. Also, it's time we start rewarding people for not talking if they've got nothing to say, because I'm sure we all know too many who don't follow that principle. The amount of stuff you say in verbosity is never a clear indicator of how much you have to say in terms of quality and substance. Sometimes, saying things in a few gentle words has a certain gravity by emphasizing with conciseness, a certain confidence in the denial to succumb to flailing unnecessary words needlessly, a certain pleasure that lingers on what is left unsaid, a certain mystique that shadows the

willingness to leave things ambiguous and a certain distinctiveness that graces the person that chooses to employ that method.

Silence is one of the purest experiences ever. The quiet beings of the world have stumbled on this great gift of a secret and have decided to adapt it into their ordinary lives. Others may not see the beauty of soundless, uninterrupted, still and serene moments but that is their profound loss. A quiet existence can be fulfilling and upon further inspection reveal a loud, vibrant, expressive, interesting yet secret inner life. Self-expression does not have to come out as noise, and if it does, maybe the laconic community have simply decided to keep theirs on the inside.

by Mo



Photograph by Will Sabado



# cedar

Jennifer Bronson

its scent  
like her accent  
will never quite disappear

years later,  
the hope chest  
still hints  
of dark morning musk

of the old country

a language that she inhales  
slowly

the emptiness of the chest  
leaves room for kitchen spices  
a salty mediterranean wind  
an olive grove

and she goes to it often

kneeling before the relic  
you would mistake this language  
for prayer

## at the esso truck stop

Jennifer Bronson

your deep cigarette sighs  
aren't so mysterious this morning  
and i'm left staring at the bottom  
of a coffee-stained styrofoam cup

wondering  
why the bathroom key is always attached  
to a monstrous wooden block

and why your eyes are red  
although i am the one  
who has driven all night

but i do not ask  
what the matter is  
or are you ready to go

because i no longer know  
where we're going  
or why i chose this moment  
to discover an affinity for gas station washrooms

# Girl of the Golden West

Leah Brown

This is for all the opera fans at Innis—and I know there aren't many of you. I went to see Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West* recently at the Hummingbird Centre. The performance was put on by the Canadian Opera Company and I had tickets on the main floor for only \$20.00!!! To tell the truth it was my very first opera and I only went because my boyfriend happens to be an opera connoisseur. Anyways I checked out the opera selection for my boyfriend's birthday and was pleasantly surprised to see that for people between 19 and 29, CIBC and Trojan condoms sponsors a ticket sale. The program is called "Opera for a New Age," which is a funny way of saying that they give us great seats while we're still in school and making it through loan repayments and beginner salaries. Once we hit 30, they hope that we'll continue to buy tickets to the opera, only at full price and maybe even become founding members and donate some of our hard earned cash to their artistic endeavour.

Somewhat skeptic I dressed up to go to the opera. The production of "The Girl of the Golden West" was to my delight a great show! The music was beautiful and thanks to the COC's patented translation technology, I knew what was happening. It's really a wonderful invention, there's a big screen posted above the stage and it states in English what the actors are singing in Italian. A rather unique opera set in the pioneering days of the gold rush, the show was action packed and thoroughly entertaining. Every lonely man seeks after the only eligible

woman in the whole gold mining town, but much to their disappointment she only has eyes for a handsome (I use this loosely—if it was TV, he'd be handsome, but since it's opera, the man was rather chubby) stranger. We soon discover that the stranger has in fact come to steal the town's gold and Minnie, our star, has led him right to it. He changes his ways after he falls in love with Minnie but the show is quite suspenseful and the couple narrowly escape two attempts on their lives.

Overall the opera was fabulous, not because I know anything about opera and pitch or even about Puccini, who apparently has written dozens of great ones; but just because I was able to participate in a new cultural experience. It was a great way to relax and get my mind off school and it cost me less than a night of beer and the inevitable hangover.

If you want to check it out the opera web site is [www.coc.ca](http://www.coc.ca). If you want to experience culture before the next opera, you can check out the Libertines photo display at the AGO. It's pay what you can admission and you can also see the gallery's permanent collection—I suggest that you definitely tour upstairs to see the Group of Seven paintings too! Or if anyone feels like getting out some paint—Family Sundays at the AGO lets you paint and sculpt and do lots of great stuff, go with friends. The ROM is now showcasing an exhibit of Ukrainian Gold, admission's \$10 and you also gain access to their permanent collection. Lastly the Bata Shoe Museum has a display of Chinese footwear from way back and it's worth a look too.

## UNA MAS

Leah Brown

**One planet I never want to leave!**

Una Mas, the new club on Adelaide way West (I'm talkin' West of SPADINA here!) is isolated from club land, but don't worry, you won't want to hop to any of the other clubs after you get inside. I suggest arriving early, cover is \$5 before midnight and the physical layout of the building they've rented doesn't lend itself to quick entry. Standing in line, felt like forever, especially in the cold, but I soon discovered the reason for the wait upon entering. The door opens at the foot of a staircase, then at the top is the guy who wants your money, and around a tight corner is a very tiny little coat check booth, which also means very slow!! After the hassle though, the music, the crowd and the décor got me in the mood to party. It looks almost like a mixture of Element and Tonic; simple no frills design and ultra modern sinks and light fixtures. It's minimalist, but the blue lighting downstairs is soothing. It blankets the dance floor in semi-darkness and makes people feel less intimidated to really go all out and dance hard. The crowd is all smiles, and a few Gucci purse people, but generally it's a feeling of togetherness. Nothing like the legend, (Industry) but a respectable second and a more flavourful musical palette to make up for the lack of crazy wigs and costumes that became Industry's staple. Thursdays they play original break tunes, so head out to watch or to try some of your own closet skills in a positive environment. Fridays is the usual crowd you see at all the clubs, so if you want something different, stay home. Saturdays really rock. They play jazz and tribal-funk infused house. The scene seems mellow but there's hard and happy dancing going on in the basement, so check it out and dance 'til you drop, because they don't close 'til 8am!!! Next time you're looking for a night of dancing and new music, check out Una Mas. Once you get a taste of the moon, you'll want to take the shuttle back.

## LIBRARIES

EXCERPT FROM LETTER TO THE HERALD...

Hello I am a part-time student worker at Robarts Library,

I was hoping that your respective paper could make public some of the problems that we are experiencing in the Library. We have a major problem with understaffing in the Stacks. In the last ten years at Robarts the Full-Time staff has been decreased by 300%! But at the same time the collection has almost doubled. Every day that I am there working I have many students approach me looking for a book that is supposedly in the stacks but they cannot find it anywhere. Books are getting harder and harder to find. It is not a rare site to see a pile of books lying on the ground well away from the section that they are supposed to be located.

This is a problem that has been going on for a long time at Robarts and many other libraries across our campus. And it is just about to escalate because the end of term rush begins soon. And once it does many students will find it even more difficult to find any books in the library.

The library is a service that all of us students pay for and the universities administration should be held accountable for this. I know that the union has fought for years to change this problem, but Carole Moore (Chief Librarian) has not done anything about it. She keeps adding more books and cutting away the staff?

I would really appreciate it if you could print an article about this in your newspaper, so that the students will be aware of why this is going on. All social science and arts students have to use this library and all of them are probably aware of it since they do pay for this service. They have a right to know that this does not have to be this way. I also think that if this issue becomes a public issue that the administration may be more prone to act on it, because the internal attempts have not really solved very much.

Thank You,  
part-time worker and student





Photography: Top Left by Mo, Middle Left by Will Sabado



Top Right and Middle Right by Will Sabado



Below: Photography by Moumita Saha



Below: Photography by Will Sabado



# soulDecision Perspective

"Plastic People Wasting My Time..."

Canadian Pop Music Perspective

Concert Review: soulDecision

with special guest Ricky J

@ the Music Hall, February 15th

by self-confessed-concert-junkie -

Nina Haikara

*Ooh it's kinda crazy* that I find myself, seated in second row, at the Music Hall to see Canada's claim to a boy-band, *soulDecision*.

However, I'm feeling quite *Faded* (relaxed and confident) that these Mattel-molded boys (ironically, one of them is named Ken) will put on a good show. At the 2000 Juno Awards the trio put on an un-aired performance during the pre-awards program. This year, they will be part of the aired show set for March 4th on CBC, as *soulDecision* is up for 3 awards, including Best New Band.

If success can be determined by tour-schedule alone, *soulDecision* has become quite successful. They have already toured across-Canada as part of the YTV Psycho-Blast tour (with Christina Aguilera, The Moffatts and more). Following Psycho-Blast, they continued touring as the opening act for Christina on her USA tour, only to join \*NSYNC and Destiny's Child shortly thereafter. All this in the same year. Now, they have finally decided to *Stay* in Canada to complete their own tour, before the US starts calling *Baby Come Back*.

If success can be determined by years, *soulDecision* is not an over-night sensation either. The Vancouver-based band formed in 1994 when singer/songwriter/friend Dave Bowman joined multi-instrumentalists/songwriters/friends Ken Lewko and Trevor Guthrie. They released their music independently under the name *Indecision*, (recall the radio-friendly pop single *Tonight*) and later morphed into *soulDecision* after being pick up by the Universal Music label: *soulDecision* traveled down under to Sydney, to complete their debut album (*No One Does It Better*) with Australian producer, Charles Fisher (Savage Garden, Air Supply). *soulDecision* co-produced while song-writing credits go to mainly Guthrie. A very un-boy-band thing to do: write your own music.

Well, perhaps it's *Only in My Mind* that I've wasted \$32. They yet to come on stage.... I missed the opening act. After all, it was Ricky J.

Ricky who?

Ricky J, who's infectious little pop-rap song *No Means No* can be caught on radio every hour, on the hour. Sometimes on the half-hour. I didn't need to subject myself to hearing it live.

The small auditorium is sold-out. Capacity: 1,250. I hope

*Gravity* doesn't give out, as the balcony above is full of spontaneously-combustible teenage girls in tank-tops and glittery eye make-up. Perhaps all that eye-make up will act as a reflector, catching a spot-light and thus shining it towards Guthrie ("the cute one") causing him to look upwards, and gaze distantly in your direction... and - sigh! - smile at you! *I Don't Need Anyone* to tell me this is impossible. All that eye make-up is futile. Yet the complexities of being a fan can lead one to only hope that it isn't.

A banner also hangs from the top balcony. Amateurs. They have used a variety of florescent coloured paints to write their message, alternating colours for each letter. (Tip: always use black lettering on a white banner.) I squint my eye, and read that they have traveled all the way from Las Vegas.

The aisle to our right is filled - not with girls trying to find their seats - but with girls waiting for the show to begin. A large male security guard stands in front, blocking their access to the stage. Security's authority has only begun to be challenged this evening.

The lights go down and the screams go high. The girls seated at the end of our row sneak up to the side of the stage. The girls in front row, sporting "I Love Trevor" headbands also press closer. Stage lights begin to flicker against the white *soulDecision* back-drop and the screaming continues as the shadowy figures take their positions from the right of the stage.

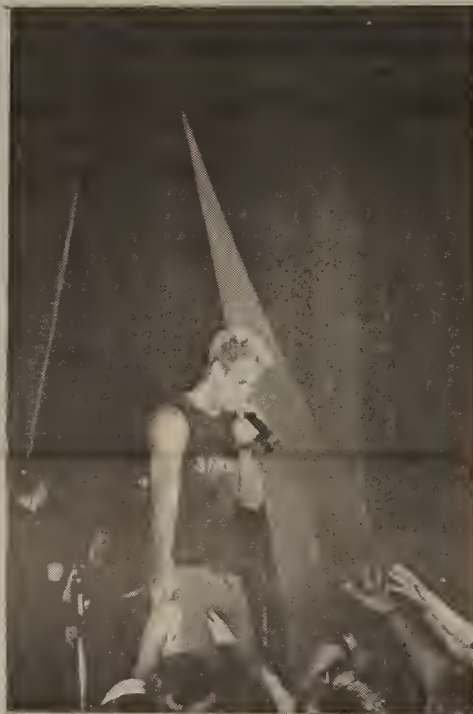
Bowman and Guthrie, each flanked by a guitarist from their backup band, slide up to their respective microphones as they launch into *I Don't Need Anyone*. Boy bands dance. They don't dance (thank God), but their movements - each look - each gesture - each slide up the microphone

- is calculated and synchronized with the other guitarists. Though not quite dancing, it's definitely choreographed.

Bowman, more so than the other members, seems to get a lot of satisfaction out of shaking and touching the hands of the girls that have squeezed their way to the side of the stage, as though he were a TV evangelist and the touch of his hand will heal them. This can be taken as (a) mere affection for the fans or (b) a megalomania in the making. I hope it's the former not the latter.

Only three numbers into the show and Lewko makes a request of his fellow band-mates to perform a number by his favorite band, Duran Duran. *Hungry Like the Wolf* sounds about as close to the original as a cover-song can get. This becomes one of three cover during the show. George Michael's *Freedom* and *Summer of '69* by Bryan Adams, were performed as part of the encore.

Chaos begins. Guthrie decides to take a seat at the edge of the stage in order to perform an un-released ballad. Security takes their position in front of him, thus leaving the sides and aisles security-free, allowing for new members to join our row. Once the number is over, security barks back at the girls, who reluctantly make their way to their original seats. One girl somehow manages to remain standing,





# Canadian Pop Saves The Day...

beside us.

Guthrie makes his way to the right corner of the stage, only to have his pants pulled at, by the girls down below. From the looks of it, security pulled-out the wrong pant-pullers. It's a good thing that Guthrie was wearing a belt.

In a gutsy attempt, two girls jumped the stage, (which is no higher than a stepping-stool), allowing just enough time for one girl to fling her arms around Guthrie and plant a kiss on his cheek. Since security (obviously) wasn't doing their job, a stage-hand came to push the girls aside.

As quickly as it began - it was over. The lights



came on. The screams went off. Bodies filled out. Well, not everyone. Some fans strayed behind hoping they could get backstage. Amateurs....

What was most entertaining about the concert? The music? Nope. soulDecision? Not really... The fans? Without a doubt. From the outside looking in, it's quite easy to say how ridiculous these fans appeared. How desperate they were for one look of attention. How enthusiastic they were for each song, singing along, hoping that this night would never end.... Their energy was contagious and as a result, I found myself singing *Faded* along with the rest of them.

Nina Haikara is a regular contributor

## Why The Junos Don't Matter: An Eyewitness Account

And the winner is....  
Does Canada care?

30th Annual Juno Awards  
March 4th, 2001  
Copp's Coliseum, Hamilton  
by Nina Haikara

More than double the number of Canadians tuned into this year's American Grammy Awards, than watching Canada hand-out its top musical achievements, March 4th, on CBC television.

There are number of factors that make the Canadian music Awards well, just plain pathetic.

Unlike the Grammy Awards, a program which is filled with current chart-toppers and infamous evening dresses (recall Jennifer Lopez and this year's trashy but flashy, Toni Braxton), Canadians tune in to see Neil Young (who did not attend) take home Best Male Artist and Nickelback (who?) walk away with Best New Band.

The excitement! The suspense! The controversy! Key factors in television ratings - are lacking on all fronts, at the Juno Awards.

For an awards ceremony celebrating its 30th year - that started as a standing-room-only presentation, in the old Toronto City Hall - you think there would be - in the very least - excitement.

Aside from the celebrity-less factor (a two-minute stage appearance by \*NSYNC members Lance Bass and Joey Fatone, doesn't count as a celebrity appearance), as my friend described: "It looks like a cheap High School production."

Directions on How You Too, Can Create Your Very Own Juno Awards:

Supplies: three shades of the same colour paint, sea-sponge, ply-wood.

1) Apply paint to ply-wood with sea-sponge, starting with the lightest shade.

2) Watch paint dry.

3) Find the ugliest podium to place before your painted background. (That brown podium from your local Legion hall? Well, it's not ugly enough, but it will do.)

4) You are ready to present Canada's music awards!

Thirdly, why is a national Awards program held in Hamilton? Could it be for no other reason than, home-town Heritage Minister, The Honourable, Sheila Copps? (Which one member of Wide Mouth Mason had difficulty describing as "sexy," at first stumbling on the word, calling her "sexual.") Last year's program was held in the logical location of the SkyDome (reduced to a fraction of its size), considering that many of the Juno after-parties are held in the city.

The night however, did not go without its (often mediocre) highlights.... in no particular order:

1) A great opening performance of Bang Bang Boom, by last year's Juno hosts, The Moffatts. Love 'em or hate 'em. They can play live; and play well.

2) The urban music tribute which featured short performances by Canada's urban music scene; old-school classics such as Let Your Backbone Side

by Mastero and My Definition of A Boombastic Jazz Style by Dream Warriors.

4) A hyper-active/broken-record Nelly Furtado, accepting awards for four out of five nominations, each time thanking people for "supporting this project," and spontaneously calling herself a "nerd" while fellow producers Gerald Eaton and Brian West, accepted the award for Best Production. (I wonder if being banned from entering Universal music's after-party, because it was already filled to capacity, altered her sunny-disposition....)

5) Jann Arden's acceptance speech for Best Female Artist. OK... I'm biased. I'm a fan - and she deserved it for the album, *Blood Red Cherry*.

6) The reunion performance by The Guess Who; enjoyed by those old enough to remember The Guess Who.

7) U2's Bono (perhaps the closest thing to celebrity present at the Junos), congratulating Bruce Cockburn, this year's Canada Music Hall of Fame inductee, in a video-tribute.

8) Reason why Celine Dion never needs to come out of retirement: Lara Fabian.

The night was not an entire loss. Even I was a winner that night.

I won the tickets.

Nina Haikara is a regular contributor. In fact, she wrote the entire section this month! Yay Nina! Thanks for bailing me out... -ed.



Steven Jug caught pretending

# Let's Pretend For A Moment...

## By The Emperor and Autocrat, Steven Jug

I sit at my desk, three lamps on, surrounded by ten books about the War of 1812, and the computer in front of me. My only luxuries are a glass of water, a box of crackers, and two CDs: Rage Against The Machine and The Best of Johann Strauss. I have gone to five hours of class today (that's the most in a day during a week classes for this history student). Some friends have visited earlier in the evening, and my closest friend is on the other side of the suite. Its two-thirty in the A.M., and I'm working on an essay that isn't due for another eight weeks.

It occurs to me then that this is as good as it gets. I'm studying things I absolutely love. That may brand me as a nerd or some damn thing, but this is why I'm here. To read and write and learn. It's why we're all here. But many students, and perhaps more specifically those in residence, lose sight of that fact. They treat school as something they have to take care of now and then, right before a test or the weekend before an essay is due, but not their main priority. Socializing and going out are their reasons for waking up in the morning, and school is just a great way to stay out of their parents' house. I realize this is a very general scenario, but it rings true from what I've observed over the past year and a half. It's not a problem for me; my friends can get by in their classes when something is pressing. I just find very interesting my friends' idea that I'm studying too much, or I need to go out more. I'm at university; maybe that's enough for me. Maybe I take this very seriously, and don't need to go dancing and drinking twice a week. Would my time be better-spent pursuing girls that think of me as only a friend or are out of my league? (I've actually experienced the former) Is that really worthwhile in the long term, or even very enjoyable in the short term? I think the sensible answer to both questions is no, but such matters are rarely guided by good sense. Can a student not gain enjoyment from his studies? I do, and I think that others don't fully appreciate the capacity of academia to be enjoyable. After all, why choose to spend a lot of time doing something you don't enjoy? If I wanted that I'd be at the RMC.

In first year it's easy to go wild with all the freedom that is thrust upon you. The important thing to remember is that at the end of the year, it's not how often you went out that counts, but how well you did in your classes. Part of first year is also about being able to pull work and marks out of your ass. At the same time first year is a time to develop good study habits and time management skills. Second year is one thing (that is, not any more challenging), but in my area of concern, third year is not to be taken lightly. I appreciate that not every class or subject is enjoyable or interesting, as I have taken politics and economics, but those ones you simply have to learn not to take again after first year. Second year is the time to decide which area of study you most enjoy, as first year course selection is almost always poor in hindsight.

What do I hope my fellow students take out of this lecture generally regarding student life? Being studious is an impressive quality, and should not be a source of shame. I know this guy who studies constantly, and everyone still loves him (if he had a big mouth, people wouldn't be able to tell us apart). There is much to be appreciated in a relatively quiet night spent studying, because picking up at clubs isn't really a valuable life experience, at least not one that needs weekly reinforcement. Perhaps I have a problem mindlessly conforming to youth culture, or perhaps I have a hard time forgetting we are at school here. Innis is a university college and a university residence. Classes are to be attended as a part of university. Even if you don't like your courses, you should give them the time they deserve, because you'll have to answer for it later, and you need a high GPA to come back next year. I impart this wisdom, such as it is, out of the hope that frosh don't have to learn the hard way (thankfully I listened to upper years in my first year and got it right the first time). Ultimately, if you don't study and learn, it will only enhance my position and those of my cohorts as intellectual titans. And the last thing anyone needs is a further aggrandizement of my self-image.

# You Might Not Like This

But if you read it, you'll learn something

By The Master Of Disaster,  
Steven Jug



"I've really made some outrageous statements this time"

Society and culture are repulsive, and have been in such a state since the end of the sixties. Unfortunately, Western society needs another war of significance to wake us up from the lull of peace and decadence that has endured beyond the end of the cold war. No one is concerned with civilization, and perhaps people deserve to be self-interested and focus on only their own happiness. Perhaps our grandfathers fought for our freedom to be decadent and self absorbed, and enjoy our lives and do nothing else.

Such ideas and self-absorbed times have happened before. They happened before the last two world wars. With that brief allusion in mind, our society certainly seems poised to suffer from the same consequences of our forefathers. Wars of the past are not really the issue; long periods of peace in the past are generally followed by massive conflict (trust me). And frankly, are we really better off without conflict, as a society and as part of a North American culture? I am not a warmonger, and I think the government's \$11 billion defence budget is a massive waste of tax funds, and war is obviously a very tragic, destructive, and disgusting thing. But the condition of the developing world also terrible, and in places that are generally devoid of war. It is important to realize that low intensity conflicts often have a cyclical relationship to poverty and environmental degradation, especially in the developing world. Last month's article that I wrote under a very thin disguise already addressed that issue to exhaustion in the context of this issue, so the focus will remain with the North.

Society has become as Gramsci described it in the 30's, with an ideology that controls the populace far more effectively than outright coercion or authoritarian government that is so commonly reviled by the media. And of course the media is probably one of the greatest evils in the modern world, but that's hardly an original idea. A huge portion of the population is concerned with the most ridiculous things, and this concern is the basis of much of our identity. The ridiculous things that I refer to are the various components of popular culture. Popular culture is a grotesque cancer on society that is simultaneously a source of joy in so many peoples' lives. Perhaps this is best, perhaps ignorance is bliss, but I think there are better things to worry about in the computer age of Western civilization, the most 'advanced' (I'm not convinced that word can be applied to civilization as broadly as it commonly is) civilization in world (I'm not a Social Darwinist, for those of you concerned).

There are too many elements of popular culture that are sickening to discuss at length, so some notable examples deserve mention before more general themes are addressed. The reality TV shows that are all the rage presently are a remarkably vacuous part of pop culture, as individuals escape from their mundane lives to exotic scenarios where everyday people escape from their mundane lives to exotic scenarios. It is quite a jump from sit-coms where people live incredibly funny lives amidst exciting scenarios. Professional sports are a remarkably enduring form of entertainment, where people experience intense but shallow emotional responses watching athletes that they think are overpaid, aren't from the city they play for, and are usually totally ungrateful and disrespectful to their fans. This all used to be called bourgeois decadence.

As space runs short, I am compelled to mention music. While many maligned artists contribute original thoughts, some are just so idiotic and corporately conceived to have no value at all. While this may have clear implications regarding boy-groups and Britney Spears, I refer more specifically to rap metal. Limp Bizkit is easily the most pathetic band I am aware of; in large part because of the idea their music is rebellious. Their lyrics are so idiotic that they make a perfect vanguard of the over-rated genre. While part of a much more credible art form, the fact that the Academy Awards are approaching the level of a national holiday in America (Kaplan's comment); is a testament to the overly important role of Hollywood in society. Space does not permit more examples, but surely others are obvious to the reader.

The overwhelming ideology of society is social conformity, notwithstanding the importance of individual rights or the importance of individual merit and motivation or entrepreneurial spirit. Underlying all of these individual freedoms is still an expectation that the individual will conform to a specific group. Of course, individuals try to rebel and be their own person, but virtually everything is a form of conformity. This is in large part the result of the modern entertainment industry dictating to people what they will enjoy, and the so-called individual enjoying it either because they are too unenlightened to realize the stupidity of the entertainment, or because the individual wishes to feel a sense of belonging within a group, as they are not actually comfortable being individuals. Young people, generally the most rebellious segment of society, have become in recent times very prone to conform to existing norms in society. While parents may dislike like such actions, drinking and smoking are entirely orthodox.



Coupled with the other elements of culture dictated to young people, those being music, fashion, and movies most specifically, the future doesn't look very promising culturally. Society doesn't care about the individual, yet the individual cares about how society wants him or her to think and act and dress.

It is our free society that still has concerned citizens raving about the villainy of Eminem or Marilyn Manson, artists expressing themselves freely in a free society. Those who protest such artists wish to force their views on others, and little attention is paid to the fact their actions have worse implications than the music of the artists they condemn. It is so easy to pass judgment on someone without actually reading or listening to what they have to say; much easier than actually thinking about the message they are trying to send. There is often a greater message, even if it is not immediately apparent, in controversial lyrics or controversial pieces of writing. Shouldn't more protest be aimed at aspects of society such as the demand for hundreds of 14-year-old prostitutes in Vancouver?

Of course those impressive (and rare) individuals that have the good sense to truly be individuals are marginalized often vilified because they are being themselves. Which is yet another reason to conform, avoiding ridicule and mockery. It is amazing how people can be taught to reinforce their own subjugation, like soldiers having to execute deserters from their own battalion in wartime, once the policy of the Canadian army (I'll try to stop the historical references).

This remarkably long and article with a very broad scope needs a concise, less neo-Marxist, and direct conclusion that the reader may have a slight chance of remembering as an anecdote at a party or other social event. Of course I realize many readers will dismiss this article because they believe that because they partake in and enjoy the above-mentioned things they cannot be wrong. I wonder how many school shootings need to occur before the public realizes that there is a developing crisis in society that transcends the problems of specific individuals?

I accept that nothing else is going to change the world, but I don't have to like it. War (it was addressed at the beginning) is a very costly and imperfect solution to the absolute cultural and social malaise of the modern Western world. Immediate post-war periods, however, usually involve an affirmation of everything good in society, and those things that were fought for. This period usually results in a strengthening of those principles, even if they are misguided (as in the case of Congress Europe), or highly idealistic (as in the case of the post-Versailles world). Hopefully we will learn to appreciate the good in society that is lacking today (they generally got it right the last time), and the next Great War, like the one before it, but unlike the two previous, will have been worth fighting.

Steven Jug continues to write articles he believes are though provoking and even interesting. The society topic will be addressed again, as Mr. Jug apparently has more to say on the subject. Having made a terrible mistake once before, this month he is overt with possibly offensive views.



## Science Alert

No Further Increase Expected in Area Bear, Shark Attacks

By The Herald Science Staff

The recent conclusion of an independent investigation conducted by the Innis Herald Science Task Force should offer area citizens some anxiously awaited relief. The Task Force announced yesterday that data collected in their study indicates incontrovertibly that no further changes in local bear and shark attack rates should be expected in the immediate future.

"There will never be any bear or shark attacks anywhere forever" one Task Force spokesperson announced. Bears are large animals characterized like humans by a plantigrade gait. It is believed that all bears possess tremendous vertical and lateral leaping powers, some having been seen jumping to heights of 50 to 60 fathoms. Sharks, though not mammals, will attack without provocation.

## Cults That Further The Case For Totalitarian Society

By The Herald's "Political Expert" Steven Jug

The Cult of Fashion  
The Cult of Hollywood  
The Cult of Television  
The Cult of Popular Music  
The Cult of Nationalism  
The Cult of Apathy  
The Cult of Cigarettes  
The Cult of Alcohol  
The Cult of Gender Roles  
The Cult of Bureaucracy  
The Cult of Conformity  
The Cult of Bourgeois Decadence  
The Cult of Uninformed Opinion  
The Cult of Neo-Conservatism  
The Cult of Wealth

*A list of various (not to say all) cults that depreciate North American society, in no particular order. The destruction of even a single of these cults is an immense and drawn-out undertaking. They have become such an ingrained part of our society their cancerous existence goes unquestioned. Totality is a potent cure.*



The Restrained And Reformed Literator

## Jamin Sheriff Returns To 'Doomed City'

Experts hope he will use the pen as his new weapon, not the death ray.

By The Herald Staff

At the eleventh hour negotiators were able to convince Jamin to unleash his destructive forces upon Oswego, New York, instead of Toronto. After accepting an offer to return to U of T and a position as a commissar at the Herald, Jamin had this to say: "I will bide my time writing scathing criticisms of your inept and bungling mayor, Mel Lastman, before I am elected to that position myself, on a campaign of transit reform and civic solidarity against the provincial regime. Mr. Harris will be the first to fall when planetary alignment allows me to harness gravitational forces to power an even greater death ray."

## Point-Counterpoint:

The Bygone Era Of Gentlemen

Monacles and Monolithic Empires

By Mister History

There are certain articles of clothing that a gentleman simply must wear on formal occasions. These of course include: a top hat, monocle, white tie, long coat, and cane. How else will he appear respectable to his fellows, and dashing to the ladies? (As he did at Innis Formal). There is also a certain manner in which a gentleman should conduct himself. Gentlemen dress well and respect the virtuousness of a lady. At one time such gentlemen were also statesmen. These statesmen knew how to conduct themselves on the world stage. Statesmen produced ideas such as the 'Iron Curtain' and 'Big Bulgaria'. Even in domestic affairs, they produced notions such as a 'permanent revolution' and the 'Lenin Levy'. The statesmen themselves received endearing monikers such as 'Tsar Liberator' and the 'Iron Chancellor'. Now politicians (the modern attempt at leadership) give us pathetic buffoonery such as 'Vive le Québec Libre' and 'Evil Empire'. Domestic affairs are shaped by the boondoggles of 'Reaganomics' and 'Red Book' policies. Modern stumblebum politicians can do little better than 'The Chief' and 'Dubya'.

The mighty statesmen that produced and received such brilliant phrases are obvious, just as the incompetent elected officials that have been deservedly mocked are infamous. It seems that the days of true statesmen and gentlemen are gone with Trudeauania. For those of us who have the inspiration of bygone great figures, perhaps a revival of the impeccable dress of old is the way to revive the impeccable statesmanship of old.

## Point-Counterpoint:

The Bygone Era Of Gentlemen

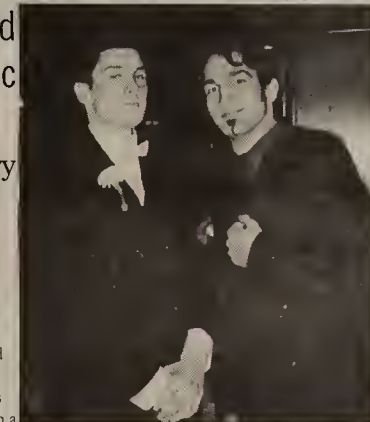
Imperialism Materialism Archaism

By: A Moderately Misinformed Disillusioned Youth

You know, the only thing I remember Lennon saying about revolutions was that it was all "gonna be alright". However nice an idea, I'm kind of glad the bloody tree-hugger isn't around anymore 'cause if he was I'd spit in his face. In the ephemeral words of some semi-fictional-semi-cult leader, "Our Great War is a spiritual war. Our Great Depression is our lives."

It's not enough that we be vaguely launched into a vast spiritual wasteland... nooooo. We have to be put in one where people are so utterly and pathetically lost that poor individuals like Mr. History feel the need to slaughter themselves on the altar of bourgeois mentality in order to revive the sort of meaning that accompanied proletariat fervor. His prerogative, not mine. Still talking about "Red Books" because you know as sure as shit that his little "Black Book" is in worse shape than the Dead Sea Scrolls.

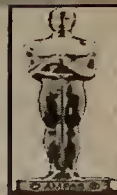
Although, I must say I can sympathize with Mr. History's desperation for the political epistemology of the past. After all, even though politicians are necessarily chronic liars, they are not always good ones. And the sort that wore the aforementioned monacles and top hats were among the best. I mean, damn! I'll let the clear history of the matter justify this flippant assertion. But that's why everyone liked Clinton right? I mean... if the leader of the free world is going to do me the courtesy of insulting my intelligence and lying to me, I at least would appreciate a real effort. Let's face it; this 'Dubya' dude doesn't have a chance. But all this is avoiding the more ethical and socially crucial issue of... aw, who the hell cares anyway.





THE 1ST ANNUAL

# INNIS HERALD PRESS FILM CRITICS AWARDS



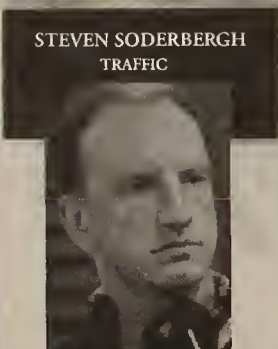
Picking the nominees and winners you see below involved a nomination and ballot process. Each person who wrote a review for the Herald this or last year was eligible to nominate up to ten in each category. The top five (six if a tie occurs) nominated films received a nomination on the final ballot, which was expanded beyond those who wrote for the paper to selected professors and colleagues. Ties beyond this point are decided by a run off ballot. Ties after a run off are decided then by a tally of just the critics, then by the editorial staff and, in an extreme case, by the editor of the section. Several races, this year, were extraordinarily close, with two requiring a run off.

## BEST PICTURE



CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON (SONY CLASSICS) GLADIATOR (DREAMWORKS/UNIVERSAL) O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? (TOUCHSTONE) WONDERBOYS (PARAMOUNT PICTURES)

## BEST DIRECTOR



JOEL COEN (O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?) NEIL LABUTE (NURSE BETTY) ANG LEE (CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON) RIDLEY SCOTT (GLADIATOR) ROBERT ZEMECKIS (CAST AWAY)

## BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY



STEPHEN GAGHAN  
TRAFFIC

D.V. DeVINCENTIS,  
STEVE PINK, JOHN  
CUSACK, SCOTT  
ROSENBERG  
HIGH FIDELITY

DOUG WRIGHT  
QUILLS

STEVE CLOVES  
WONDER BOYS

JOEL AND ETHAN COEN  
O BROTHER, WHERE ART  
THOU?

## BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

DAVID MAMET  
STATE AND MAIN

JOHN C. RICHARDS  
NURSE BETTY

DAVID SELF  
THIRTEEN DAYS

KENNETH LONERGAN  
YOU CAN COUNT ON  
ME

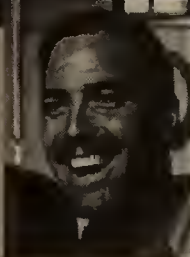


CAMERON CROWE  
ALMOST FAMOUS



# BEST ACTOR

GEORGE CLOONEY  
O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?



RUSSELL CROWE (GLADIATOR) JOHN CUSACK (HIGH FIDELITY) MICHAEL DOUGLAS (WONDER BOYS) TOM HANKS (CAST AWAY) GEOFFREY RUSH (QUILLS)

# BEST ACTRESS

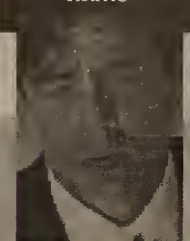
MICHELLE YEOH  
CROUCHING TIGER,  
HIDDEN DRAGON



JULIET BINOCHÉ (CHOCOLAT) LAURA LINNEY (YOU CAN COUNT ON ME) JULIA ROBERTS (ERIN BROCKOVICH) RENEE ZELLWEGGER (NURSE BETTY)

# BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

BENICIO DEL TORO  
TRAFFIC



JACK BLACK (HIGH FIDELITY) DON CHEADLE (TRAFFIC) WILLEM DAFOE (SHADOW OF THE VAMPIRE) ROBERT DOWNEY, JR. (WONDER BOYS) ALBERT FINNEY (ERIN BROCKOVICH)

# BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

KATE HUDSON  
ALMOST FAMOUS



JUDI DENCH (CHOCOLAT) CONNIE NEILSON (GLADIATOR) KATE WINSLET (QUILLS) CATHERINE ZETA-JONES (TRAFFIC) ZHANG ZIYI (CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON)

"BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: WILSON, THE VOLLEYBALL"

gabe elias

"BEST PICTURE: DANCER IN THE DARK"

moumita saha

"BEST PICTURE: BEAU TRAVAIL"

mathias loertscher

"BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: FRED WILLARD, BEST IN SHOW"

mark selby

"BEST ACTRESS: LAINE BALABAN, NEW WATERFORD GIRL"

kathe rogers

"BEST ACTOR: MARK RUFFALO, YOU CAN COUNT ON ME"

caitlin mckenna

"BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: TIM BLAKE NELSON, O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?"

karen liu

"BEST DIRECTOR: CURTIS HANSON (WONDER BOYS)"

antonella bonfanti

"BEST ACTRESS: KATIE HOLMES' BOOBIES (THE GIFT)"

andrew cook

Note: Katie Holmes' boobies appeared in The Gift in 2001 and were, therefore, ineligible for consideration. However, they are eligible for next years awards; though widespread vote splitting is expected.

ryan jacobson, film editor

## WORST PICTURE



BOYS AND GIRLS  
DRACULA 2000  
MEN OF HONOR  
MISSION TO MARS  
RED PLANET



# FROM THE GENIE'S

CANADA'S OSCARS DELIVERS ALL THE EXCITEMENT COLD CUTS AND A CASH BAR CAN DELIVER

RYAN JACOBSON  
FILM EDITOR

"In terms of importance and exposure the Genies rate a distant third behind the Juno, by far the largest, and the Gemini's. They'll be lucky to get 200,000 people to watch this thing," explains a niggish print journalist who speaks in between puffs on his cigarette, "but, y'know, at least they're not held in Hamilton like the Juno's, and I don't have to take the 'ing QEW...well, time for another drink." This was his 14th Genies and we're in a commercial break. He is one of many who have occupied the seat next to me. Now, this is not a seat in the auditorium. The press are herded into a room off-stage where they gather, while away the time and happily interview each other for much of the evening, which suits everyone quite fine.

After the winners receive their award, they are paraded through a gauntlet of national and local TV news outlets. After that they sit at the podium and field questions from the print and internet media. However, most of the press have little interest in these mini press conferences and choose to stay in the smoke filled glass room adjacent to this area, where food and alcohol is available. Apparently, the winners have nothing interesting to say except, of course, one critic notes, the night Atom Egoyan won for *The Sweet Hereafter* and dazzled a mesmerized press crew with his ability to make milk come out his nose.

In the glass room, people begin arriving and smoking at 6 despite arbitrary signs on the table ordering them not to smoke until 6:30. At each corner of the room 27 TVs are turned on in time for the technical awards show. Of course, the pertinent questions circling around the table had nothing to do with who won or lost but what on earth was the name of the girl hosting the pre-broadcast awards? and "were non-Canadians eligible for Genies and if so why didn't Bill Murray win for *Meatballs*?" You see, if an answer isn't easily accessible in the provided press kits, increasingly intoxicated critics become easily distracted. Luckily, Geoff Pevere, critic for the Toronto Star had the answer to both our questions (Teri Hart, host of TMN's In Profile and yes but, not until the last couple of years) and freed everyone to pursue the snack table more vigorously.

The broadcast award show begins and those around the table begin grumbling that they haven't seen any of the nominated films and begin scouring their press kits for recognisable names. This becomes tired quickly and one critic notes that Canadian movies need more monkeys and robots. Another critic talks about the marvellous use of light and forms in Maelstrom. Yet another critic excitedly notes that last year Peirce Brosnan, Bob Hoskins and Ralph Fiennes were nominated for best actor, but that same critic is quickly deflated when he remembered that none of them showed up to the ceremony. Early on, spirits rise slightly when a winner blurts out the line, "She kept coming at me shrieking 'I can fly, I can fly!'" I don't remember the context, but somehow I think knowing it would probably ruin its charm. Nonetheless, the distracted press, in what starts as a trickle, begin mingling and it becomes a ground swell as the show grinds to a halt and gives out not a single award to someone we didn't know for 45 minutes. The woman from the associated press who sits to my left decides that since we're all sitting around watching the broadcast on TV's in a smoky room, that this could be accomplished in the comfort of her home; a thought that crossed each and every one of our minds. However, cooler heads prevailed and it was decided that her house was too small and didn't have a bar.

Around the table, those from the morning periodicals, who had to get their copies in by midnight, scribble madly in pads while the rest inspect their glasses of ice for traces of alcohol. Then a remarkable thing happens. Marie-Josée Croze, a beautiful, busy French-Canadian actress wins for *Maelstrom* and this lethargic group of mostly male journalists, who had barely rose from their seats all night, except for a triangle shaped ham sandwich, are inexplicably compelled, inspired by deeper forces, to get up and interview this woman. With their journalistic instincts peaked they storm out of the glass room; camera's and recorders in hand. In Croze came under a shower of applause and the crackle of flash bulbs. dutching her trophy for breast. I mean best, actress. Apparently other awards were given out after that and they were: Best Picture (Maelstrom), Best Screenwriter and Best Director (Denis Villeneuve, Maelstrom), Best Actor (Toni Nardi, My Angels Father)

RYAN JACOBSON  
FILM EDITOR

## 2. NURSE BETTY

I really love this movie. It's funny, sweet and whimsical, it is also excruciating and violent, but more than that it's ultimately humane. There's a couple of reasons why this film works so well: first, Renee Zellweger, who carries this film and gives, hands down, the best female performance of the year as the crazy but innocent Betty who sees neither the dangers in front of her nor the ones pursuing her. Second, the film understands that comedy must be bold enough to stand up to its convictions. In this film, when different sets of neurotic or psychotic individuals, who have been set on inevitable collision courses, cross paths the filmmakers don't shy away in these scenes. For example, when Betty finally meets the object of her delusion you don't want to watch, you squirm in your seat, yet you laugh and smile and marvel at the ways director LaBute and screenwriter Richards surprise you. (Universal)

## 3. THIRTEEN DAYS

This is a big film, with a big agenda and it succeeds because the filmmakers trust the power of the material enough not to dumb it down or sentimentalize it. The result is a film that lends the events surrounding the Cuban Missile Crisis with all the power and tension they demand, which is aided by a minimalist look, director Roger Donaldson and screenwriter David Self's ability to contextualize the events, and strong performances from Costner, Greenwood and Culp. All of this, along with tight editing, produces a lean, compelling and thorough film. (New Line/Alliance Atlantis)

## 4. CAST AWAY

Hanks, not to mention Wilson, gives the best, most daring performance of the year and deserves the lion share of the credit for the film's ultimate success, but don't let this overshadow what a great film this is in its own right. It's a film characterized by observation and details and holds together without music or any cinematic crutches because of the trust between Hanks and Cizek. *Cast Away* is directed with a minimalist perfection that never distracts the viewer from Hanks' performance. In turn, he is rewarded with a Hanks performance that is full blooded, nakedly honest and genuinely enterprising. (20th Century Fox)

## 5. GLADIATOR

This is one of those films that surprises you each time you watch it because you forget how good it is. As with any Ridley Scott film, *Gladiator* is a technical marvel - great effects, sets, costumes, and cinematography - but this film earns its place on this list because of its human elements. Scott makes sure that the grandness of the production is subservient to emotions, loyalties and politics, while Phoenix, Neeson and especially Crowe give these themes relevance and power. (Dreamworks)

## 6. TRAFFIC

## 7. MEET THE PARENTS

## 8. O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?

## 9. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME

## 10. THE CONTENDER

## worst picture

Charlie's Angels (Columbia) is the worst film I've seen in a couple of years. I've heard the defense of this film: it's post-modern, it's a spoof, it's a sly satire, it's fun. No, it's garbage with no script, plot or sense. It's not funny, exciting or titillating. You want action and sex, rent Die Hard and a porno. This film is so nonsensical that if you cut all the scenes up and randomly reassembled them the film would be about as coherent. Thumbs up to Bill Murray for refusing to promote the film. Now this is a 'worst' picture; unlike Ben's feeble choice of *The Whole Nine Yards*, an unexceptional but innocuous, highly amusing comedy.



# best o



WONDER BOYS  
TOM HANKS  
ROBERT ZEMECKIS  
KATE WINSLET  
AND WILSON  
JAMES WOODS

## WONDER BOYS



THE GOLDEN  
RYAN

This is a film that, like its protagonist and his cohorts, is shaggy and rough around the corners but it grows on you. Admittedly, it took a couple of screenings to get used to this quirky film with its off beat pace and odd characters but when you do you begin to realize its shagginess is a meticulously constructed one. Like *Nobody's Fool*, Paul Newman's last great film, the wonderfully written, directed, and acted *Wonder Boys* has such supreme confidence in its material that it doesn't feel the need to rush or force anything; it simply gets out of your way and lets you enjoy the ride. However, I have a nagging question about the film: is the film about a writer who rediscovers his stride or is the entire film a fictional story created by the successful writer depicted at the end of the film?

## BEST DIRECTOR

Steven Soderbergh, *Traffic*  
Neil LaBute, *Nurse Betty*  
Robert Zemeckis, *Cast Away*  
Ridley Scott, *Gladiator*  
Curtis Hanson, *Wonder Boys*

## BEST ACTOR

Russell Crowe, *Gladiator*  
George Clooney, *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*  
Michael Douglas, *Wonder Boys*  
Tom Hanks, *Cast Away*  
Tobey Maguire, *Wonder Boys*

## BEST ACTRESS

Joan Allen, *The Contender*  
Laura Linney, *You Can Count On Me*  
Juliette Binoche, *Chocolat*  
Julia Roberts, *Erin Brockovich*  
Renee Zellweger, *Nurse Betty*

## BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Albert Finney, *Erin Brockovich*  
Benicio Del Toro, *Traffic*  
Bruce Greenwood, *Thirteen Days*  
Danny DeVito, *The Big Kahuna*  
Gary Oldman, *The Contender*

## BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Connie Nielson, *Gladiator*  
Judi Dench, *Chocolat*  
Zhang Ziyi, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*  
Catherine Zeta-Jones, *Traffic*  
Kare Hudson, *Almost Famous*

BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY: Steve Kloves, *Wonder Boys*, Stephen Gaghan, *Traffic*, Doug Wright, *Quill*  
BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY: Kenneth Lonergan, *You Can Count On Me*, Rob Lurie, *The Contender*, David Self, *Thirteen Days*, Cameron Crowe, *Almost Famous*, John C. Richards, *Nurse Betty*

NURSE BETTY



## NURSE BETTY

*Nurse Betty* is the most unpretentious yet viciously witty and ironic film of the year. Renée Zellweger is Betty, a quiet country girl who goes in search of her dream man, the fictional Dr. David Revell (played with remarkable nuance by Greg Kinnear). Along the way she encounters, and later runs from, two hitmen played by Morgan Freeman and Chris Rock. Melding the satire, the road film, and the chase film into one post-modern epic, *Nurse Betty* is a warm-hearted romp with signs of a poisonous centre. Extraordinary production values include glorious photography by Jean-Yves Escoffier and a wonderful score by Rolf Kent. (Universal Pictures)

## 3 CAST AWAY

Bold, ambitious, and brave are three adjectives to describe Robert Zemeckis' masterpiece about self-worth and survival. Tom Hanks' tour-de-force performance as Chuck Noland, a FedEx systems engineer who is stranded on a desert island for four years, is likely to snag him a third and well deserved Oscar. Robert Zemeckis' patient camera captures the reality of a life alone without the bubbly gimmicks put forth on the TV show *Survivor*. Don Burgess' immaculate photography lends volumes to the metaphor-driven visuals. Book-ended by an endearing prologue and epilogue, this film is a claustrophobic treasure. (20th Century Fox)

## 4 GLADIATOR

Criticized initially for resurrecting a bland and stale genre—the roman epic—Ridley Scott's loud-and-proud fantasy is a compelling costume drama with a modern sensibility. Quoting Leni Riefenstahl on more than one occasion, Mr. Scott blends the battle carnage of *Braveheart* and *Saving Private Ryan* on top of an Oedipal-driven narrative to achieve one of this year's most delicious spectacles. Russell Crowe highlights the picture with a beautifully subtle performance as Maximus and, despite Joaquin Phoenix's over-stated line-readings, is surrounded by pitch-perfect supporting players and set design. The film also boasts Hans Zimmer's impressive musical score. Old-school movie-making at its finest! (Dreamworks)

## 5 WONDER BOYS

Curtis Hanson's follow-up to his 1997 crime saga, *L.A. Confidential*, is an intimate reading of Michael Chabon's quirky novel of the same name. Starring Michael Douglas as Grady Tripp, a pretentious college professor who suffers from reverse writer's block, Mr. Hanson builds a solid narrative around a weekend gone awry and delivers the goods while also commenting on the hard task of competing with past success. The script by Steve Kloves is clever and acted to perfection by Michael Douglas, who gives his most passionate performance since *Falling Down*, and a stellar supporting cast. (Paramount Pictures)

## 6 BEFORE NIGHT FALLS

## 7 CHICKEN RUN

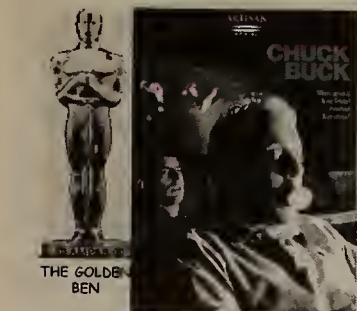
## 8 CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON

## 9 YOU CAN COUNT ON ME

## 10 TRAFFIC

## worst picture

The Whole Nine Yards (Watnet) Based solely on the film editor's brief mention of this film as being amusing and tolerable, I have no choice but to counter this claim by naming the Matthe Perry/Bruce Willis "comedy" as worst of 2000. Mr. Willis is a fine screen actor but in *Yards*, Mr. Willis plays an awful straight man to Matthew Perry's bumbling comic hero. Shot with such juvenile conventionality by Jonathan Lynn (Greedy), there is not a single joke that has enough pep to get a laugh. All I wanted was a chuckle or a simple smirk...but all I got was a hearty dose of banality.



THE GOLDEN BEN

A truly winning film about a twenty-something who refuses to face reality and insists on re-living childhood memories. Buck is a loser with no prospects and exhibits some nervy homo-erotic tendencies. Chuck is an all-around success story with a fiancée and a successful music producing business. Both grew up as best friends, but after a sixteen year absence, Buck comes calling...and won't leave Chuck (now "Chadlie") alone. The sublime performance of Mike White who plays Buck (and also wrote the script) is matched by a wonderful supporting staff and stellar direction by Miguel Arteta. Shot on digital video, the picture has been virtually shut out of award contention, which makes it a strong leader in this category.



## BEST DIRECTOR

Steven Soderbergh, *Traffic*  
Neil LaBute, *Nurse Betty*  
Robert Zemeckis, *Cast Away*  
Ridley Scott, *Gladiator*  
Ang Lee, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*



## BEST ACTOR

Javier Bardem, *Before Night Falls*  
Russell Crowe, *Gladiator*  
Michael Douglas, *Wonder Boys*  
Tom Hanks, *Cast Away*  
Geoffrey Rush, *Quills*



## BEST ACTRESS

Ellen Burstyn, *Requiem for a Dream*  
Laura Linney, *You Can Count On Me*  
Juliette Binoche, *Chocolat*  
Julia Roberts, *Erin Brockovich*  
Renée Zellweger, *Nurse Betty*



## BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Mark Ruffalo, *You Can Count On Me*  
Benicio Del Toro, *Traffic*  
Don Cheadle, *Traffic*  
Bruce Greenwood, *Thirteen Days*  
Willem Dafoe, *Shadow of the Vampire*



## BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Connie Nielson, *Gladiator*  
Julie Walters, *Billy Elliot*  
Frances McDormant, *Almost Famous*  
Kate Winslet, *Quills*  
Kate Hudson, *Almost Famous*

BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY: Steve Kloves, *Wonder Boys*, Stephen Gaghan, *Traffic*, Doug Wright, *Quills*

BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY: Kenneth Lonergan, *You Can Count On Me*, David Mamet, *State and Main*, David Self, *Thirteen Days*, Cameron Crowe, *Almost Famous*, John C. Richards, *Nurse Betty*



The Whole Nine Yards

# THIS YEAR'S MOVIES

## A REVIEW OF THE YEAR BY RATINGS

CAST AWAY	A
NURSE BETTY	A
ONE DAY IN SEPTEMBER	A
THIRTEEN DAYS	A
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT	A
WAYDOWNTOWN	A
CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN...	A-
DANCER IN THE DARK	A-
MEET THE PARENTS	A-
THE PLEDGE	A-
PSYCHO BEACH PARTY	A-
TRAFFIC	A-
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME	A-
WONDER BOYS	A-
MALENA	B+
O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?	B+
THE CONTENDER	B+
DUNGEONS & DRAGONS	B+
STATE AND MAIN	B+
QUILLS	B+
UNBREAKABLE	B+
CHARLIE'S ANGELS	B
GIRL FIGHT	B
SNATCH	B
TIGERLAND	B
BEST IN SHOW	B-
DRACULA 2000	B-
THE GIFT	B-
FINDING FORRESTER	C+
THE GRINCH	C+
LEGEND OF BAGGER VANCE	C+
LITTLE NICKY	C+
MEN OF HONOR	C+
PAY IT FORWARD	C+
SAVE THE LAST DANCE	C+
WHAT WOMEN WANT	C+
THE FAMILY MAN	C
ALL THE PRETTY HORSES	C-
BOUNCE	C-
PROOF OF LIFE	C-
THE 6TH DAY	C-
LOST SOULS	D+
LUCKY NUMBERS	D+
RED PLANET	F
SUGAR AND SPICE	F

I'D LIKE TO THANK ALL THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED THE FILM SECTION THIS YEAR. YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS MADE THIS THE BEST HERALD YEAR EVER AND THIS FILM SECTION, ONLY IN ITS SECOND YEAR, THE BEST ON CAMPUS. BEN WRIGHT WILL BE SUCCEEDING ME AS EDITOR NEXT YEAR AND NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT TO MAKE THIS SECTION AND PAPER BETTER.

Ryan Jacobson, Film Editor

INQUIRIES OR COMMENTS CAN BE MADE TO: [madworldfilms@hotmail.com](mailto:madworldfilms@hotmail.com)



# INTERVIEW: JOHN HERZFELD WRITER/DIRECTOR, 15 MINUTES

RYAN JACOBSON  
FILM EDITOR

What is your impression of tabloid television?

My intention is not to indite the media or the entertainment media or even tabloid journalists in the movie. It's more just to raise questions - are they feeding the public appetite or encouraging it? - and I don't have the answer but, I just think more and more these shows are obsessed with these crazy stories. I think journalists have a tough job. They have to tell us what's going on on the streets and inform us but on the other hand they can't give a spotlight to an unbalanced person out there who might commit a heinous act of violence in order to become a celebrity.

Do you see these shows giving a platform to people seeking recognition for nothing?

That is just where we are in the society today. Before in order to become a celebrity you had to accomplish something. Now, certainly there are those who become nefarious celebrities but now that's the goal in itself... I think this is only beginning because... were facing strikes in Hollywood and production of creative, script based shows will end. All the networks have to fill their time so there will be many, many more reality shows... and they'll have to be more and more audacious.

Do you feel responsible, since you were a television director, for the progression of reality television?

I probably would. It's been a while since I've seen some of the movies I've done. What I always tried to do in all those docudramas was have a real sense of verisimilitude, a real sense

of truth and starting with *Preppy Murder* I tried to get real people play themselves in order to play themselves. Sure, if I were to go back I might do things a little differently. Every movie you do you learn something new. Hopefully, the next movie I do won't be a thriller. I want to do something new.

Would that mean the status of being "famous" would be downgraded?

That's a good question. It's a very interesting question: will it be so common it would be downgraded? I don't think so because once you get that spotlight, once everyone knows you are, once you become recognized. If you look at celebrities who go on trial like OJ or Puff now. It's very hard to convict a celebrity because they come into their home on television or on the big screen and they become exalted just because they are widely known. I don't think that will be downgraded.

Do think the spotlight may also be double edged sword, like in the case of Robert Downey, jr.?

In my view he is a special case because he's so talented. When I look at his case, rightly or wrongly, I have a lot of compassion because he's obviously had this drug problem since he was a child and I wonder about how he was raised... I'm not sure prison is the best place for drug offenders.

How did the film change in the process of transforming a script into a movie?

I think that during rehearsals we made changes. Robert DeNiro had suggestions that we incorporated once Anna was cast. She was

Greek and Bob had the idea to make the lines in Greek when he was practicing his (marriage) proposals.

Was that scene written as an homage to *Taxi Driver*?

It really wasn't written as homage. The way I originally wrote it, the character was in bathroom, not necessarily in front of a mirror, trying to get his nerve up. It wasn't like "Eddie Fleming faces the mirror"... we talked about the Greek and he (DeNiro) was writing the Greek and it kind of turned that way. But I never mentioned anything, obviously it's one of the most famous scenes in American cinema, and he never mentioned anything - we just did it.

What is your writing process?

My writing process is: I have a tape recorder and I talk into it. I don't write, persay. I don't sit and type on a computer or write on a piece of paper. I usually walk around and talk it out then I have it transcribed. The process works for me. I started out as an actor so I can act it out... The key for me has always been traveling, meeting different people and throwing myself into strange situations. Sometimes the movie will come out and it will have nothing to do with where I am. It just inspires me... My suggestion (to young filmmakers) is to travel, experience life rather than making movies from other movies you've seen... Try to do something personal and it will be original.



## 15 MINUTES

Dir. John Herzfeld  
Robert DeNiro, Edward Burns  
Alliance Atlantis  
CHRIS TURNER

So I went to see 15 Minutes. First of all I had better admit that I went into this movie with a little bit of a bias... I'll admit that I am not a big Robert DeNiro fan. And this is pretty much a typical Robert DeNiro movie, and he plays pretty much the exact same role I have always seen him play in every single movie. Get the point? You may be asking yourself why don't I like him. You may have stopped reading this review altogether or you may agree with me. But, seriously I don't really have a good reason, I just know what I know and I know I'm right. But I put it all aside for the sake of this article, and even ignored the DeNiro making fun of himself in this pretty typical "The Media is EVIL" copper film.

In today's world, everyone is always trying to get their fifteen minutes of fame... even me... and in this film it's two foreign tourists who are coming to America Armed with a stolen video camera one of our criminal masterminds films and directs their brutal crimes in hopes of creating a masterpiece, you know just like one of his favorite movies *It's a Wonderful Life*, yeah, I remember all those brutal killing scenes from the one!!? These two guys are supposedly unpredictable and clever as they stay steps ahead of a superstar New York City homicide detective, Eddie (DeNiro) who must team up with a low-key Fire Department Arson Investigator, Jordy Warsaw (Edward Burns, *Saving Private Ryan*, and more notably so Heather Graham's ex-boyfriend) in order to solve a double murder case in New York City.

But as I said these guys are always steps ahead and realize that they can use the media and create their own stardom. They even seek out... yes a tabloid television show dreaming of higher ratings. (Didn't this happen in *Natural Born Killers*?) This is even plausible, but the media is pretty much played by Kelsey Grammer, and I kept thinking, "What is Frasier up to now?" Yeah, he's pretty much typecast in my mind, and this is not his break free role.

Don't get me wrong, it not awful and I would probably watch part of it again if I came across it flippin' channels one night. However we've all seen this one over and over again, and I kept saying to myself throughout it, don't worry it will be over in another 15 minutes. That was the longest 15 minutes I've ever waited.

C.

## THE YEAR OF THE INANIMATE OBJECT

GABE ELIAS  
FILM CRITIC

And the Oscar goes to...

Yes these are the very words that will leave millions of spectators hanging as Hollywood once again self-pronounces those accomplishments they deem worthy of patting themselves on the back for. Indeed, this year in the cinema saw many noteworthy blips on the radar of North America's ever burgeoning entertainment industries. As the inquisition against drug use picked up steam in newspapers to the south, Hollywood came forth with its indictment on this current social issue (to quote a friend "drug use is only bad when it's white kids we're talking about"). On the transnational front, Hong Kong asserted itself at the front lines with *Crouching Tiger* flying across screens to the delight of the younger crowds. We also got to witness our favorite teen starlets grow up with Britney's brazen homage to MJ at the MTV MVA and Katie Holmes' revelation of a more personal side to her celebrity.

But of all the major historic moments the cinema manufactured for itself this year, one has slipped by without mention. This was the year of the inanimate object in the cinema. Typically, relegated to the manipulations of stop motion SF/X wizards, inanimate objects have rarely come to the limelight of the silver screen.

Not this year. Wilson's cheeky performance in Zemeckis' instant classic, *Catsaway*, wowed audiences nationwide through an honest and muted performance. With its entry level effort, there is no doubt Wilson has demonstrated the potential to surpass the talent of many established actors - who might as well be inanimate objects. Annie's steely looks and his by-the-syllable-paycheck cannot compare to the minimalism of Wilson's performance elucidated by the mere bluntness of his presence. Pamela Anderson's heavily invested visage is gaudy and calculating against the simple beauty of Wilson's geometric curves.

One would think that Wilson's brilliant performance would surely be deserving of at least a nomination for best supporting actor. With its terse and brusque looks, Wilson conveyed more with the nuance of a glance than a stirring inspirational monologue. As a supporting actor, Wilson played the perfect straight-man to Hanks' man-pushed-to-the-brink performance. Indeed, the bald delivery of Wilson's moments carried Hanks' character, both literally and figuratively, to new heights of cinematic realism. The true effects of this inanimate cinematic force have yet to be fully realized. The anthropomorphization of objects is an untapped topic for the cinema. Zemeckis should be applauded for his initial foray into the psychological workings of a man's

best friend while trapped in isolation.

Wilson's breakthrough performance owes a debt to the historic forerunners that made its role possible. Cinematic precursors would include the surreal pineapple Nazzario receives as a gift at the end of Bunuel's *Nazario*. Let us also not forget the quintessential inanimate object, Kubrick's blinking light, Hal 9000, who taught us how to feel for those objects we would dispose of when our use for them has been consumed. These two immobile pioneers have helped shaped our sensibilities of how we perceive the world of inanimata. Without them the saddest death scene since Spock died would never have been realized. The empathy I felt watching Wilson drift off to the isolating oceanic void brought a tear to my eye. I only wish Wilson could one day wash ashore into some sequel. Perhaps the *Gods Must Be Crazy Part Four: The Spherical God from the Seas*.

We went to the local Canadian tire to interview other members of the inanimate community on their reaction to the. The response was overwhelmingly supportive. Rawling, Spalding, and Ralchig all echoed their enthusiasm of Wilson's seminal role with their silent solidarity. The lack of dissent from the inanimate community is a reassuring voicing of support for the future of inanimata within the Cinema.



# ROSES ARE RED, THIS MOVIE BLEW



## WHY VALENTINE EXEMPLIFIES ALL THAT IS WRONG WITH HORROR MOVIES TODAY

ANDREW COOK  
FILM CRITIC

Life was so much simpler in the 80's. My sole worries involved the true contents of Al Capone's vault, whether or not ALF would be discovered by those nosy Ochmonicks, and why I was suddenly feeling all tingly around girls. All my suppressed rage could easily be whisked away during the course of a good horror flick and the impressionable me was looking to the most exploitative genre to mold me into an upstanding citizen. The kind of guy who no longer steals from the local K-Mart because he thought it would "make mommy love me more." So, exploited I was, and now look at me: I can bench 135 and drink my age in beers.

But something is amiss in my Shagra-Lat the God of horror movies, lets call him Horrorel, has lost his balls. My raging Id is no longer exploited, it is now just teased and I am sent home unsatisfied. Here enters Valentine, the newest film to...suck. Watch *Valentine* was akin to going on a date with a really hot Christian girl; it had a lot of potential but in the end I still got nothing. All because the genre decided to deviate from the following basics that originally made it great.

First, I need graphic violence. Farm implements to the head, cooking utensils to the genitals, body fluids so thick on the screen you'd think I was home alone watching V.I.P. Many people probably think that's sick, but movies are supposed to transport me to a world I'll never experience. I was on board when the Titanic went down, but I've never driven a red hot poker through someone's eye. And now I'll never have to (which is good because I can afford a poker). *Valentine* has its victims unoriginally slashed or stabbed, and then splashes some blood on the wall behind. It even gives up a chance for a real messy goring in favour of a drowning. Back when Jason was killing with reckless abandon he would have been utterly red-faced to kill two people the same way. And no fucking choking deaths. That's right, I'm looking at you *Lepecheaux 'N the Hood*.

**VALENTINE**  
Dir. Jamie Blanks  
Marley Shelton,  
Denise Richards  
Warner Bros.

Next, give me some nudity. Exploit me to the fullest. C'mon Denise Richards, you can reintroduce me to the world of the nocturnal emissions with *Wild Things*, but you won't even get naked and eat a bunch of bananas for *Valentine*. Where are your morals? What even happened to those late night skinny dippings and unadulterated hanky panky? Nothing takes my mind off some brutal murders like getting meubie dysentery in Lake Stabyserrass.

Third, these modern killers, these angst ridden whiny pretty people, just aren't very threatening. I highly doubt the killer in *Valentine* could off a one-armed, sleeping newborn with shingles without managing to screw it up. Freddy could be set on fire, buried alive, blown to bits and still have enough energy to whip your ass. Nowadays, you push someone down the stairs and the battle is yours. Tell the killer in *Valentine* to look behind him and you're scot free. There's no justice.

Finally, the cry of any horror movie fan: fuck plot! I don't want characterization and intriguing plot twists. I want stereotypical characters so I can root for the deaths of the jocks and the rich kids and the brainiacs and all the other types of people who never let me join in their tinder games. I wanna see if the hippy or the nerd will actually inflict any damage on the big bad killer before meeting some untimely death. Whose mother slept with those milkman's adopted son causing the twin sister to feel bitter enough to wanna kill her friends? Who gives a rat's ass! Take matters and sharp objects into your own hands and quit bitching. Pansy.

In this new society, I'm finding it harder and harder to exploit myself. I'm just not tempting enough to get on that island and my website, [www.wandynightclubredjandjshimawebstuff.com](http://www.wandynightclubredjandjshimawebstuff.com), has had a measly 19 hits. I gotta worry about rent, about finding out which of my roommates is really The Mole, and about indiscreetly wiping off my shoes after feeling all tingly around girls. And as long as movies like *Valentine* keep coming out, these worries are just gonna have to be faced, my id will have to be satisfied with black market porn, and I'll have to keep buying Sani-wipes in bulk. D-



## IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE

Dir. Kar-wai Wong  
Tony Wai, Maggie Vheung  
Odeon Films  
DAVEDA GOLDBERG

The overarching, impossible-to-overlook theme in *In the Mood for Love* is repression. Every element of the movie seeks to restate this as metaphor. Tight sets and camera angles, strictly limited dialogue, shallow characterizations and the deliberately agonizing slow pace take this metaphor into every dimension of the film.

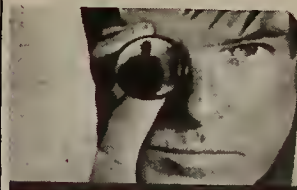
There are only two full characters: Mrs. Chan and Mr. Chow, whose spouses are having an affair. In keeping with the theme of repression we are never even given the two leads' first names. Chan and Chow themselves are almost exclusively characterized by their faces, and we are given nothing of greater meaning with which to know them. The dialogue is almost entirely restricted to polite exchanges and their "rehearsals" of what they believe their spouses might have said to each other. We are left with no details of these people, their personalities or even an idea that they are involved in a romance with one another. We are meant to extrapolate from a minimal amount of clues the intensity of emotion that is being repressed. I know that Chan and Chow's spouses are having an affair, that it hurts them, that they are falling in love. But I know this not because of the subtle communicative elements on screen, but because I am aware that this is the director's intention.

The scenes are so minimal that only one or two details per shot hold the entire weight of signification. But Wong Kar Wai's silences seem self-indulgent and purposeless, made to give the impression of thoughtfulness without actually holding any. Though signification can, and should, be created in the subtle details of an image, the long silent takes showing just the faces of Mrs. Chan or Mr. Chow, though loaded with "significance" have no signification, no meaning.

This movie is meant for an audience of art-film lovers who cherish nuances of expression and details of emotion to the de-

gree that the slow pace is considered rewarding. But, here the slow pace is used merely as a trope of romance and thoughtfulness which serves only to create the impression of those things, containing no reality of them. The theme of emotional repression so unsubtly omnipresent that it shuts off any chance of the artistic ambiguity which is its main goal.

While avoiding the conventions of fast-paced, talkative Hollywood-style films Wong Kar Wai simply pulls on the conventions and style of European Art Films. This serves to demonstrate that style is not the end of making a film into a good film. C+



## THE TAILOR OF PANAMA

Dir. John Boorman  
Pierce Brosnan, Geoffrey Rush  
Columbia Pictures  
ANTONELLA BONFANTI

The first thought that came to my mind while watching this film was "oh for the love of god another Pierce Brosnan movie where he plays an undercover something or other." And though *The Tailor of Panama* began very much like that, this typecast was counterbalanced by the other wonderful performances and charters.

Andy Osnard (Brosnan) is a ruthless and seductive British spy that is banished to Panama. However, he has a secret weapon in Harry Penda (Geoffrey Rush) a Cockney ex-con who has reinvented himself as a popular tailor to the rich and powerful of the country. Rush as well as Jamie Lee Curtis (Harry's wife Louisa) are the strongest elements of this potent mix. She brings that same sexiness and charisma to the screen as she did all those years ago in *A Fish Called Wanda* and *True Lies*. In fact her character is very much middle ground between the roles she played in the above stated films. What gives *The Tailor of Panama* its strength as a quirky spy film is the collision between the typecasts that these actors embody and their strength as performers to transcend and be convincing.

This film is based on John le Carré's novel of the same title and can be described as a subtle blend of thriller and black comedy. Director, producer, co-screen writer, John Boorman successfully presents a world of international intrigue and espionage liberally laced with humour. I found that the film was very fast paced, but maintains that typical post-cold war confusing spy film aura leaving you a little lost most of the time. This film is sexual and often violent, these of course adding to its "international man of mystery" feel and drive it to its dark offbeat comedy stature. Besides, how often will we get to see Rush and Brosnan dancing together in a gay club ever again? B

## THE BARRIE FILM FESTIVAL SHORT FILM AND VIDEO COMPETITION

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### HANNIBAL

Dir. Ridley Scott  
Anthony Hopkins, Julianne Moore  
MGM/Universal  
BENJAMIN WRIGHT

His clandestine grin gives way to an inner sense of punctual efficiency, no doubt established in his Old World manner. With a simple, "Okie dokie," Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) dismembers yet another victim and throws him, quite literally, to the gallows. The good doctor is back for seconds in the much ballyhooed sequel to the Award-winning *Silence of the Lambs*, Hannibal.

Adapted by David Mamet and Steven Zaillian from the controversial novel by Thomas Harris, the picture develops with Special Agent Clarice Starling as mere window-dressing, for this is Hannibal Lecter's movie. In *Silence*, director Jonathan Demme followed the psychological nuances of the feminist FBI agent, leaving Hannibal like a caged larva awaiting metamorphosis. *Silence* championed the now archetypal female heroine and its predecessor, and superior entry into the Hannibal files, Michael Mann's 1986 sleeper *Manhunter* only allows Hannibal Lecter, played by Brian Cox, only one scene in which to frighten and possibly maim.

Replacing Jodie Foster's Clarice Starling in *Hannibal* is a perfectly suitable and adept Julianne Moore, who expresses nicely Clarice's struggle for respect in a male-dominated police force. Following a botched operation, Clarice is reassigned to the Lecter case. As played by Anthony Hopkins, Hannibal the cannibal is an educated, erudite Renaissance man who sips espresso the way we slurp down a diet Coke. Bolstered by an uneasy relationship with his favourite female detective, it is always clear that Clarice is never in danger; but it is never clear why.

Rounding out the cast is the immeasurable Giancarlo Giannini, as Italian police investigator Pazzi, and an unbilld Gary Oldman, as Mason Verger, a severely disfigured victim of Lecter who clings to life with a doughy, wax-induced face and electronic wheelchair. The performances in *Hannibal* are impressive, if strengthened somewhat by Mr. Hopkins' professionalism and sheer mastery of the Lecter persona.

Lecter's Old World flair and European eccentricities culminate in a climax that is both flamboyantly absurd and undeniably entertaining. Its self-awareness is ever apparent, but Mr. Scott is not out to produce a PhD Thesis on the psychopathic mind. His crafty production design outwits the two previous entries, and the final reel is a throw-back to those Hammer horror pictures of the sixties.

The picture's acrimonious touches, including playful Rembrandt lighting and a chilling score by Hans Zimmer (including an original operetta), makes it perhaps the finest of B pictures. *Hannibal* is executed with tremendous flavour and talent, not to mention panache. After all, this isn't brain surgery. B



### MONKEYBONE

Dir. Henry Selick  
Brendan Fraser, Dave Foley  
20th Century Fox  
GABE ELIAS

Seeking the night again as the senses adjust to the post reading week daze of sunlight and sobriety, the only refuge is the theatre; darkened and contemplative. Three bucks, a sunny Monday afternoon, and the cinema to ease the slippage into the real world of diurnal living. This is my diched solace of the reel world and the pleasures it brings me to(o): this theatre, me, two geriatric ladies in the hack, a couple sitting waiting to ignore each other under the flicker of the cinematic apparatus, *Monkeybone*, those filtering in to the screening late against the pressing urgency of my term work bearing down. When there are no shadows to measure the oscillation of time, the only recourse is the elapsed time which the artificial lamp's retina persists for.

I set my bar for the cinema low intentionally. It's easier to keep a positive outlook if my expectations are marked on a curve. Oddly, the Burton-esque confusions of Harry Selnick's muddled film offers much needed respite. The collation of bright pastel hues juxtaposed against the cariolesque grotesques of a bastard mating between a perverted underworld and a garish circus provide a schizoid mood that was never sadder. I laugh at Brendan Fraser: the ever-buncky Encino man gleefully acting with gusto as he lets the adolescent inside run amok to transgress codes of propriety, performance, and betherotations. As a vector for Fraser's star, the film's ideologically centrist introspection of the bipolar self examines the conflict between pragmatism and pretension; exclusive worlds of night and day; and the genuine and the contrived. In doing so, it all reaffirms those juvenile aspirations that unwantonly ejaculate from within at the most inopportune time, yet, when contained, locates them as valuable facets of personae that make us all brilliant in our own right.

The postcoital-like wave of depression from leaving the theatre was buffered by the onset of night illuminated by the Paramount's beacon of prismatic entertainment. Is this the only surrealism Hollywood has to offer? My surreal imagination is stunted enough from too many cartoons impeding my unconscious. Maybe that's why I sympathize with this film so. I have learned to appreciate Dali, but Burton is one I can truly experience. Though I am no apologist for the lack of stylistic originality in Burton's prodigal son, Selnick, his vivaciously vivid renderings of those dream experiences—that I only wish I could have—produce an affection with me that won't be divorced from reason.

Writing at night: If I could but dream in Technicolor, never would I have the meretricious prospect of enduring more cinematic offal. F



### SAVING SILVERMAN

Dir. Dennis Dugan  
Steve Zahn, Jack Black  
Columbia Pictures  
CAITLIN MCKENNA

You know what? I'm tired. It's the end of the semester, and I've been exposed to too many bad movies over the past few months—I'm sick of the struggle: if you want to go see *Saving Silverman*, go. I'm not going to tell you it's not good for you. I'm not going to detail its cinematic shortcomings. If you go, you'll probably laugh. I did. It sounded like this: "huh-huh, huh-huh, huh-huh". If you like to laugh like that, this is the film for you.

*Silverman* is the latest from director Dennis Dugan, of *Big Daddy* and *Happy Gilmore* fame. It's the story of three best friends whose geekiness and shared passion for Neil Young (Neil Young—huh-huh) have kept them together for years. Nothing, they pledge, will ever separate them. But then sensitive Darren—the "Silverman" of the title (Jason Biggs) falls for the beautiful but controlling temptress Judith (Amanda Peet). And guess what? She hates his dorky friends! Uh-oh!

The dorks in question, J.D. (Jack Black) and Wayne (Steve Zahn), hold their tongues as Judith moulds Silverman into a bikini-waxing (hers), butt-implemented (his), thoroughly whipped boyfriend. But when the couple announces their plan to be married, the guys decide something must be done.

Women! They're always trying to break us guys apart!

J.D. and Wayne decide to kidnap Judith, and fake her death, hoping Darren will soon be over her. Needless to say, things go awry and comedic havoc ensues. Actually, this segment of the film is very funny. The leads that have talent—Black, Zahn and Peet—get a chance to play off each other as Judith, imprisoned in the guys' garage, slowly gets inside their heads and gains the upper hand. Amanda Peet is delightfully evil here, and Zahn is a good foil for her. Jack Black, as always, is hilarious.

What endears me to *Silverman* is how upfront it is about being mindless entertainment. Much more offensive, I'd say, is mindless entertainment masquerading as serious cinema—*Gladiator*, anyone? So, if you want to see *Saving Silverman*, go! Don't feel guilty: Sit back in your seat, slacken your jaw, and laugh away.

Huh-huh. Huh-huh. Huh-huh: Have fun. B-



### VATEL

Dir. Roland Joffé  
Uma Thurman, Tim Roth  
Atlantic Atlantis  
KAREN LIU

A visually sumptuous feast for the eyes, *Vatel* is a spectacular banquet though fraught with empty calories. Acclaimed French director Roland Joffé (*The Scarlet Letter*, *The Mission*) attempts to expose the sublime and the profane in this behind-the-scenes look at the 17th Century French court. With Academy award-winning Tom Stoppard (*Shakespeare in Love*) providing the English adaptation of the original French screenplay by Jeanne Labrune, *Vatel* attempts to reach for "the absolute, the sublime" but tragically fails, much like the tide character.

Based on a true story, the film commences with the Marquis de Lauzun (Tim Roth), notifying the disgraced Prince de Condé that King Louis XIV and the Court will be accepting de Condé's invitation to stay at Chantilly. The Prince de Condé hopes that with this three-day visit, he will get back into the King's favor and receive money from Versailles, so that his region can avoid economic disaster. The success of this visit rests on de Condé's steward, Francois Vatel (Gérard Depardieu). Vatel is in charge of everything from the preparation of the feasts, the planning and orchestration of the spectacles, placating de Condé's creditors, and attending to the intimate affairs of the guests. Enter the beautiful maidservant to the Queen, Anne de Montausier (Uma Thurman). In the midst of all the wooing and wowing of the King Vatel and Anne fall in love, which ends in tragedy when they both realize that the higher they climb, the more entrapped they become.

As the Marquis de Lauzun, Tim Roth is perfect as the smarmy, right-hand man to the King. Bedecked in a ridiculous wig, Roth rises to the challenge and gives a skin crawling, reptilian performance as the man who is not only the King's pimp, but also a partaker in his employer's pleasures as well. As Anne de Montausier, the luminous Uma Thurman reprises her Cécile de Volanges role from 1988's *Dangerous Liaisons*, older and world-weary in playing the survival game of the Court. This is Gérard Depardieu's first Hollywood outing since the dreadful *Man in the Iron Mask*, and unlike his role as Porthos his talents are not wasted here. He portrays Vatel like a modern day film director, and draws parallels between the film industry and the French Court. The real star of the film is the stunning set and costume design by Jean Rabasse.

*Vatel* tries to dig into the superficiality of the aristocrats, but to quote this exchange:

Vatel: It is no small thing to please a king.

Anne: To please a king is easily done—but of no importance. This production was no small thing, but was of no importance either. B-



# The Sports Insider

Mohamad El-Sadek

Well, this is the second installment of the Sports Insider, and I hope you enjoyed the first one. The lay-out will be the same as last time; focusing on the main events in North American sports. On with the show...

## NHL

Remember the hype about FedEx-ing the Stanley Cup to the Toronto Maple Leafs? Well, I guess they have to reroute it to Denver. The Colorado Avalanche have a very, very good chance of winning the cup this year, since they bought just about every good NHL player at sometime in the last two years. The current powerful roster of the Avalanche is very reminiscent of the Edmonton Oilers' in the 80's. The likes of Joe Sakic, Peter Forsberg, Patrick Roy, Ray Bourque and Milan Hedjuk make this team one tough customer. Adding recent acquisition Rob Blake is merely icing on the cake. Nothing more can be said about this team, and I believe it will go all the way to the finals. In my opinion, the only team that can stop Colorado would be the Ottawa Senators, a mirror reflection of the Avalanche in the Eastern Conference.

Going back to Rob Blake. Colorado snatched this under-profiled player quickly during the week of February 18. What this literally means is that the Leafs have written their death will prematurely. The Maple Leafs were hawking and eyeing Rob Blake for quite a while and media coverage was extensive. However, it seems that Pat Quinn couldn't pull the plug on Blake early on, and so the ever-quiete Avalanche picked him up without a hiss. The only reason why Rob Blake was traded is because he wanted more money. The Los Angeles Kings wanted him, Blake wanted to stay in LA, but I guess the 8.5 million they offered him wasn't enough to keep him above the poverty line. Now, Blake joins an elite group of players that have the best chance of winning a Stanley Cup since Detroit's 60-win season in 95-96. Furthermore, Bourque will have a good chance of winning the first championship in his 19 years in the NHL. Finally, a Colorado sport franchise Denverians can look up to.

Speaking of Pat Quinn, he can't seem to get anything his way. The Eric Lindros fiasco fell through in the end of February, leaving Quinn like an orphaned child in the rain. Philadelphia General Manager Bob Clarke played the deal very well, as he had Lindros under restricted free-agency rules, kept postponing negotiations with Toronto, and taunted the rest of the NHL with his procrastination. However, just as Quinn and Clarke were finalizing a deal that would send Lindros

to Toronto for Markov, Antropov and a first-round draft pick, Clarke pulled away from the deal. He told the media that Markov was injured, and the extent of the injury required him to have knee surgery and thus won't have an immediate effect on playoff-bound Philadelphia. Yet, Clarke was just pulling strings and never wholeheartedly wanted to trade Lindros, even though Lindros doesn't want to play except for Toronto! Now, the Toronto Maple Leafs can start digging their grave.

To sum up all the above:

Fed-Ex shipment number: 19 21 77 10 33

Date of delivery: 5/25/2001

Location: Denver, Colorado

## NBA

The Raptors are beginning to mature very quickly. Although their record isn't stellar, they are showing plenty of heart and dedication. Vince Carter is on the top of his game with exceptional consistency and team leadership. Defensive giants Antonio Davis and Charles Oakley can grab 10+ rebounds a game, score a bunch of points as well as block 2 shots a game apiece. For your information, Antonio Davis averages a double-double each game! On the unselfish end of the spectrum, Alvin Williams fits perfectly in point guard position of former Raptor Mark Jackson. This guy can drive to the hoop like Kobe Bryant, make blind passes like Jayson Williams, and hit trays. Other Raptors contributing to the offense include Tracy Murray (one of my favourites), Jerome Williams, Chris Childs, and Keon Clark, who should be getting more playing time. If their recent success continues, they can undoubtedly make it to the second round, although they might run into trouble with Milwaukee and the Knicks, who swept Toronto last year in the first round. Wilkens has done a great job maturing these youngsters.

One development that truly surprised me was the trade of Mark Jackson. After passing Isaiah Thomas for 4th place on the all-time assists list, his reward was a trade to the Knicks for Chris Childs. Although Childs is a much more dynamic and active player than Jackson, his performance hasn't been to par as of yet. Moreover, the deal was made overnight with no media hype or inkling of a trade.

The Vancouver Grizzlies are going down the drain. Since their expansion, they haven't grasped the idea of winning, much less a winning streak. Recently, the Grizzlies had their longest winning streak in franchise history: 5 games. Now, the millionaire who owns the franchise, being American, is attempting to move the Grizzlies to the US (go figure!). How about this, the New Orleans Grizzlies? Nashville, Carolina? All in all, a Canadian sport franchise can only survive in Ontario.

Finally, an era in Atlanta came to a crashing halt for Dikembe Mutombo. The 7-foot 1-inch rebound king was traded to the 76ers for injured Theo Ratliff and some other guy. With this trade, an already beaten up Atlanta team will crumble even more, and an already powerful Philadelphia team will add more defensive strength and veterancy. Like the Avalanche, the 76ers are the team to beat in the playoffs, although Iverson's continuous selfishness won't get them far.

## Tidbits

### Baseball

Baseball preseason kicked off not too long ago, with the Blue Jays playing their preseason opener against the Yankees in the Grapefruit League. Jays won 6-4. Shannon Stewart led off with a second pitch homer... The Wells-Sirotko trade made headlines when Sirotko was to undergo surgery that will sideline him for the rest of the season. What was interesting was that the Sox never told Toronto about his secret injury, and so just traded him for a healthy Wells. Jays GM Gord Ash asked the league for compensation or a trade reversal because of Sirotko's injury, but the Sox are offering the former choice.

### Golf

Mike Weir is making it big in the PGA tour. All he needed was time to adapt, and he has shown remarkable performance early on in the season. Hal Sutton and Davis Love III are making a comeback this time around, while Mark Daily isn't showing up... Tiger Woods is still the same, except he isn't winning tournaments... The Masters is approaching soon, so watch out for no-namers to shine this time.

### Tennis

Hingis will not play Tennis doubles anymore with Koumnikova, possibly due to a fight between the two. However, Hingis is still winning tournaments and Koumnikova hasn't yet, but she is getting close... US Davis cup team was eliminated from the Davis Cup tournament... Agassi still shining.

### Boxing

Finally, expect the Hamed-Berrera fight to be a good one. My pick: Hamed by KO in the 7th round. If not, then Hamed by unanimous decision 111-109... Ruiz strips Holyfield of the WBA title after a unanimous decision.

Keep it real...

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# Symbiotism

("sim-bE-O-"ti-z&m)



art by Jeremy Ho